

1509/765

S O N G S

I N

The Double Disguise.

[Price SIXPENCE.]



*This piece was written by Mrs. Hook (Miss Maudslayi) the second
first wife of James Hook & the mother of Theodore.
"He was the author of at least one historical
piece; "The Double Disguise" played with success*

S O N G S

I N

*1784 to
husband
murdering
the music*

The Double Disguise,

*Life of Theodore Hook
by the Rev R. N. Dalton
Barham D. A. fagely A
New York 1877*

C O M I C O P E R A

I N T W O A C T S :

A S P E R F O R M E D

A T T H E T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E .

S E T T O M U S I C

By Mr. H O O K .

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BELL, at the BRITISH-LIBRARY, Strand.
MDCCLXXXIV.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lord Hartwell.....*Mr. Barrymore.*
Sir Richard Evergreen.....*Mr. Parsons.*
Tinsel.....*Mr. Dodd.*
Sam.... (*a Postillion*)*Mr. Burton*

W O M E N.

Emily.....*Miss Phillips.*
Miss Dorothy Evergreen.....*Mrs. Hopkins*
Rose....(*an Irish Waiting-Maid*).. *Mrs. Wroughten*

Servants, &c.

The Double Disguise.

A C T I.

S O N G. *Tinsel.*

I.

YOU may talk as you please of grandeur and
pow'r,

But, give me a plenty of cash :

'Tis money alone will enliven each hour,

Tho' gravity calls it but trash.

For money the lawyers call forth all their wit,

And the law for your use turn all ways ;

For money the judges at Westminster sit :

Then to money be given all praise.

II.

II.

When sickness prevails, and the doctor you see,
 Then the value of money both feel.
 When a tinker, turn'd preacher, high-mounted
 you see ;
 'Tis money inspires his zeal.—
 Our lords and great men on the woolpack display
 All their eloquence, monies to raise :
 If ever the national debt they shou'd pay,
 Then to money be given all praise.

SONG. *Tinsel.*

I can dance, and sing, and chatter,
 I can flirt, and I can flatter ;
 Then why shou'd the lady refuse me.
 I can shake my elbow neatly,
 I can drive a Phæton sweetly ;
 Pray shew me a lord that outdoes me.
 Small talk, to be sure, they expect from a lord ;
 With small talk, I fancy, I'll fit them :
 White teeth they expect—and at every word,
 Thus simp'ring, their beauty shall hit them.

SONG.



SONG. *Emily.*

In vain I seek the lonely grove ;
 In vain I shun all social joys :
 For here I meet the tyrant Love,
 Whose cruel dart my peace destroys.

SONG. *Rose.*

I.

Each pretty young miss, with a long heavy purse,
 Is courted, and flatter'd, and easily had :
 She longs to be taken for better or worse,
 And quickly elopes with an Irish lad—
 To be sure, she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

II.

The wife, when forsaken for bottle or dice,
 Her dress all-neglected, and sighing and sad,
 Finds delight in sweet converse, and changes her
 sighs

For the good-humour'd chat of an Irish lad
 To be sure, she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

III.

III.

The widow, in sorrow, declines the sweet joys
 Of public amusement, in sable all clad.
 The widow her twelvemonth in sorrow employs;
 Then hasten to church with an Irish lad,
 To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

SONG. *Emily.*

I.

When first I met young Henry's eyes,
 His bosom heav'd with tender sighs;
 His eyes so bright, and sighs did move
 My heart, to give him love for love.

II.

But when my praise he sweetly sung—
 Such honey'd words dropp'd from his tongue;
 In vain against such charms I strove.
 I gave my Henry love for love.

III.

If truth adorns the gentle swain,
 No more of fate shall he complain;
 While all my actions fondly prove,
 I give my Henry love for love.

S O N G. *Lord Hartwell.*

When beauty's smiling queen alone,
 Prepares the filken chain of love,
 The slave not long Love's pow'r shall own:
 For time will beauty's chain remove.
 But when Minerva lends her aid,
 With mystic charms each link is join'd.
 Tho' light as rosy wreaths they're made,
 Enslav'd for life they hold mankind.

.I

G L E E. *Lord Hartwell, Emily, and Rose.*

Fair Truth, thou bright auspicious pow'r,
 To thee we humbly bend the knee;
 'Tis thine to bless th' hymenial hour,
 All social joys we seek in thee.
 Thy smile serene shall cheer our way,
 Tho' clouds or storms shou'd intervene;
 Thy smile, fair Truth, shall bless each day,
 And brightly gild each future scene.

B

A C T

A C T II.

SONG. *Rose.*

I.

On the lake of Killarney, I first saw the lad—
 Who with song and with bagpipe could make my
 heart glad :

And his hair was so red, and his eyes were so
 bright—

They shone like the stars in a cold frosty night—
 So tall and so straight my dear Paddy was seen—
 Oh, he look'd like the fairies that dance on the
 green.

On the lake of Killarney I first saw the lad—
 Who with song and with bagpipe could make
 my heart glad.

II.

II.

All the girls of Killarney wore green willow
tree—

When first my dear Paddy sung love tales to me ;
Oh he sung, and he danc'd, and he won my
fond heart :

And to save his dear life with my own I wou'd
part.

On the lake of Killarney, &c.

S O N G. *Tinsel.*

I.

How swift our time will pass along—

When Hymen crowns our blisses—

The hours we'll tell with cheerful song,

The minutes count by kisses.

II.

We'll dance and sing, we'll sport and play,

No joy like lovers blisses—

With melting music wake the day—

And keep the time with kisses.

S O N G.

SONG and DUET.

Lord Hartwell and Emily.

I.

Lord H. Hark, my fair, thro' every bush,
Songs of rapture fill the grove;
The linnet sweet and tuneful thrush,
Warble tales of mutual love.
Songs of rapture fill the grove,
Warbling tales of mutual love.

II.

Emily. Hark, o'er yonder flow'ry plain,
How sweetly cooes the plaintive dove,
The simple dove my thoughts explain:
All innocence and mutual love.
How sweetly cooes the plaintive dove,
All innocence and mutual love.

III.

Both. May Cupid hear our vows of truth,
And grant those vows propitious prove.
No joy I wish in age or youth,
Unblest with thee and mutual love.

SONG.

S O N G. *Lord Hartwell.*

I.

Ah why, my love, that falling tear—
My tender doubts and fears remove :
If thou art just, I still am dear,
While true to thee and true to love.

II.

What tho' no title grace my name,
If you my artless flame approve :
Such gaudy trifles I disclaim ;
Still true to thee and true to love.

S O N G. *Rose.*

I.

For the grassy turf o'erhung with willow,
Where reeds and oziers fringe the lake,
At early dawn I left my pillow,
One among the merry maids to make ;
The first of May,
So blithe and gay,
Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

II.

II.

One drooping willow form'd a bower—
 Where Paddy's voice soon caught my ear;
 The morn was sweet, and soft the hour,
 But sweeter far his song to hear.
 Of me he sung,
 My praises rung,
 Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

III.

When troops of village lads and lasses,
 Hail'd and crown'd me queen of May,
 Thy charms, he cry'd, all charms surpasses;
 So shall my love feel no decay.
 Then vows of truth
 I gave the youth,
 Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

SONG.

S O N G. *Emily.*

Amidst a thousand fighting swains,
 Ne'er hope one true to find—
 Soft tales of love, and artful strains
 Oft hide a fickle mind—
 Each hill, each grove,
 Where lovers rove;
 Each purling stream, each noontide shade,
 All, all declare,
 How false men are,
 How females are by love betray'd.

F I N A L E.

Emily.

What words can't express,
 You may read in my eyes,
 For love to excess—
 Will admit no disguise.

Lord

Lord Hartwell.

I told my fond tale,
And you pity'd my sighs;
May love thus prevail
Over ev'ry disguise.

Sir Richard.

I hate to be rude,
But you're not over wise,
On friends to intrude,
With further disguise.

Rose.

Those friends to our cause,
I most humbly advise,
To crown with applause
Our *Double Disguise*.

C H O R U S.

Those friends to our cause,
We most humbly advise,
To crown with applause
Our *Double Disguise*.



F I N I S.

